

THE LOYAL GARLAND OR

A Choice Collection of Songs highly in Request, and
much esteemed in the past and present Times.

Made by divers Ingenious Persons, on several Occasions,
for the sake of Merrymaking.

And sung with great applause, as being the Flower of
Collection and Rarity.

The sixth Edition, with Additions.

Licensed, August the 10th. 1686. R. 4.



Fear God, Honour the
King, *1 Pet. 2. 17.*

My son, fear thou the
LORD, and the King:
and meddle not with
them that are given to
change, *Prov. 24. 21.*

LONDON, Printed by J. R. for T. Passinger,
at the Torch and Sign, on London-Bridge. 1686.

✓
Jan



Francis Freeling

161 Garland (The Loyal), or a Choice Collection of Songs highly in request, &c. made by divers ingenious Persons on sundry occasions for the sake of Merriment, the fifth edition, with additions

blue morocco, gilt leaves J. R. for T. Passinger, 8vo, 1686

* * * This is from the collection of the Sir F. Freeling, who has written on the fly-leaf, "This book is not improbably unique see Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books, vol. 6, p. 90."

part.

This Book "is not,"
"probably unique"

Beloe's Anecdotes
of Literature & scarce
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11621 a. 1

H. Garland.

THE LOYAL GARDEN

OR


A Choice Collection of Songs highly in vogue, and
much esteemed in the past and present Times.

Made by seven Ingenious Persons, on the
for the sake of Merriment.

And sung with great applause, as being the Flowers of
Collection and Rarities.

The first Edition, with an Addition

Issued, August the tenth, 1686. A.



Fear God, Honour the
King, Psal. 2. 17.

My son, fear thou the
LORD, and the King:
and meddle not with
them that are given to
change, Psal. 34. 21.

LONDON: Printed by J. R. for T. Passinger,
at the Horse-Bridge on London-Bridge, 1686.

JOY-AL-GARY

A Choice Collection of
first editions

for the first of August

Collected and Printed

17-11-1950



17. 2. 17.

LORD, and the King.

and the
the

100-24-11

A Table of the Sonnets contained in this Book.

Loyalty turn'd up
Trump, or the
danger over.

The kind Shepherd.

The Marriage Joy.

The Mournful Shep-
herd.

The Loyalists incou-
ragement.

The Trouper.

The Young Maidens
Request to her Mo-
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Delight.

The Love-sick Maid.

Tyrannick Love, or
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Advice to Virgins.

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The Time-server: A
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Upon an Act for Trea-
son.

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THE

The Loyal Garland.



THE

LOYAL GARLAND.

The King's Speecher.

SONG. I.

Loyalty turn'd up Trump, or the danger over.

A New Song.

If vain ill Men attempt us
Their day is out of date
The Fates do now exempt us
From what we felt of late.

The Nation is grown wiser
Then to believe their shame
He that was the deviser
Themselfes begin to blame.

(2.)
They thought the Trumps won'd ever
Turn on Rebelsions,
But kinder Powers deliver
Us from their foolish pride.

The Loyal Garland.

For see they are deceived
And can no more prebail,
Those who the Rump believed
Ashamed are of the Male.

SONG. II.

The kind Shepherd.

DEAR Dorinda weep no more,
No more my charming Creatur^r grieve,
My wandrings I will now give o're
And in the peaceful shades will live.
With thee my Joys will live and love,
Constant as Nature to its course,
As constant as the Turtle Dove,
Whose death can only Love divorce.

Thy Sighs no more can Sylvo hear,
Thy pretty Innocence has won
He all my passion to declare,
Which can be due to you alone,
Joy of my mind, then let us haste
And joyn our hands as hearts are joyn'd,
No flying moments let us waste
In which we greater Joys may find.

SONG

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. Will
The Marriage Joy.

(1.)

Joy to the Bridegroom fill the Sky
With pleasing sounds of welcome Joy :
Joy to the Bride may lasting Bliss,
And every day prove like to this.
Joy to the Bride may lasting Bliss,
And every day prove like to this.

(2.)

Never were Marriage Joys divine
But when two constant hearts combine :
He that proves false himself does cheat,
Like sick men taste but cannot eat.
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick men taste, but cannot eat.

(3.)

What is a Maiden-head, Ah ! what,
Of which weak souls so often prate ?
'Tis the young Maidens pride and boast,
Yet ne'r was found but when 'twas lost.
'Tis the young Maidens pride and boast,
Yet ne'r was found but when 'twas lost.

The Loyal Garland.

(4.)

Fill me a glasse then to the brinke,
And its confusion here i'll drinke;
And he that baulks the health I name
May he dye young and set in shame.

And he that baulks the Health I name
May he dye young and set in shame.

S O N G. I V.

The mournful Shepherd.

(1.)

There is a black and sullen hour
That fate decreed our Love thou'd know,
Else we thou'd slight Loves mighty power
Trapt with the Joys we find below.
'Tis past dear Cynthia, now let frowes be gone
A long long Pennance I have done,
A long long Pennance I have done,
For crimes alas to me unknown.

(2.)

In each sad hour of silent night
Your Image in my sight appears,
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in Joys and wake in Tears.

The Loyal Garland.

Ah faithless charming Saint what will you do
Let me not think I am by you,
Let me not think I am by you,
Loved worse, loved worse, for being true.

Alas why do you fly my arms,
Think, O! think, how oft you swore
To please me you would spare no charms
But let me rife all your store.
But Cynthia now how sullen you do prove,
And frown frown on my tender love,
And frown frown on my tender love,
Whilst nothing your hard heart can move.

SONG V.

The Loyalists Encouragement. A Song to the
Tune of, Now now the Fight is done.

(1.)

YOU Loyalists all now rejoice and be glad,
The day is out now there's no cause
To be sad, alone, and
The tumult of Faction is crush'd in its pride,
And the grand promoters their nobles all hide.
For fear of a swing which does make it appear,
Though Treason they lov'd, yet for Venge
They don't care.

(2.) Then

The Loyal Garland.

(12.)
Then let us be bold still and baffle their plots,
That they in the end may prove impotent sots,
And find both their Wit and their Malice
defeated,

May find how themselves and their Pupils
they cheated;
By heaving and thrusting to unhinge a State
Of which Heav'n's guardian which fix'd is
by Fate.

(13.)
Though once they the Rabble bewitch'd with
their Cant,
Whilst Cobler and Weaver set up for a Saint,
Yet now the scale's heat they can fasten no more,
The juggles discovered and they must give o'r,
Yet give them their due that such mischief
did work,
Who revile Christian Princes, and pray
for the Turk.

(14.)
O! give them their due, and let none of 'em want
A Cup of Geneva or Turkish Turbant,
That clad in their colours they may not deceive
The vulgar too prone, and too apt to believe;
The fears they suggest on a groundless pretence,
On purpose to make 'em repine at their Prince.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland

SONG. VI.

The Trouper : A pleasant Song Revived.

Come, come, let us drink
'Tis vain to think
Like fools of grief or sadness ;
Let our Money fly,
And our sorrows dye,
All worldly care is madness ;
But Wine and good Chear
Will in spite of our fear,
Inspire us all with gladness.

Let the greedy clowns
That do live like hounds,
That know neither bound nor measure ;
Lament e'ry loss,
For their wealth is their cross,
Whose delight is in their Treasure ;
Whilst we with our own
Do go merrily on,
And spend it at our leisure.

When troul about the bowl
To e'ry Loyal Soul,

And

The Loyal Garland.

And to his hand commend it ;

A fig for chink,

'Twas made to buy drink ;

Before we depart we'll end it :

When we've spent our store

The Pation yields us more,

And merrily we will spend it.

SONG. XVII.

The Young Maidens Request to her Mother.

A New Song.

(I.)

O ! Mother, Roger with his kisses
Almost stops my breath I vow ;
Why does he gripe my hand in pieces,
Yet he swears he loves me too.
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so,
For ne'r stir I long to know.

(2.)

He calls me dearest, sets me by him,
Tells me I must be his Joy ;

And

The Loyal Garland.

And what he wants must not deny him,

Least I all his peace destroy.

Tell me Mother, &c.

(3.)

My Cheeks he claps, and Hand he squeezes,

Smiling hugs me o'er and o'er,

And still his fancy strangely pleases

With what he would fain do more.

Tell me Mother, &c.

(4.)

He tells me Paids were made a Treasure,

For increase and deeds of Love ;

And vows I lose a deal of Pleasure

Which he fain won'd have me prove.

Tell me Mother, &c.

SONG. VIII.

The Answer.

(I.)

I Pray now leave your early longing,

Daughter it's not yet your time ;

But stay and Lovers will be thronging,

When that you are in your prime.

You the meaning then shall know,

You shall know, you shall know,

You

The Loyal Garland.

You the meaning then shall know,
You shall, you shall, you shall know,
What Roger means when he does so,
When you up to Twenty grow.

(2.)
For Lobes embrace you are too tender,
And young men are often rough;
What Roger would have you surrender
Five years hence is time enough.
You the meaning then shall know, &c.

SONG. IX.

The Discontented Lover.

A Song to two Voices.

(1.)
Why does the foolish world mistake,
And Lobes still praises sing so loud;
What idle Subjects must they make,
Who choose a blind and childish boy their guide.

(2.)
What dearer Joys our freedom brings,
Whilst the wing'd Quire on e'ry Bough,
Charm'd with our bliss, in Consort sings,
And night and day our harmless pleasure view

Chorus

The Loyal Garland.

Chorus,

'Tis shame and the night loves folly does cover,
And only the *Bat* and the *Screech-Owl* that hover
About the dark *Windows* of a drowzy lover.

S O N G.

The Loyal Seamans Delight.

To the Tune of the *Cannons Roar*, &c.

(I.)

O P the rouling Waves we go,
Where the stormy winds do blow,
To quell with fire and sword the foe
That dares give us vexation:
Sailing to each Foreign shore,
Despising hardships we endure,
Wealth we often do bring o're
That does enrich the Nation.

(2.)

Poble hearted Seamen are,
Those that do no labour spare,
Nor no danger shun or fear,
To do their Country pleasure.

The Loyal Garland.

In Loyalty they do abound,
Nothing base in them is found;
But they bravely stand their ground
In calm and stormy weather.

In their love and constancy
None above them e'r can be,
As the Maidens daily see

Who are by Seamen courted:
Nothing for them is too good
That is found in Land or Flood,
Nor worth better flesh and blood
Has any ever spotted.

SONG. XI.

The Love-sick Maid.

My Life and my Death they are both
in your power,
I never was wretched till this cruel hour,
You tell me 'tis true sometimes that you love,
But alas 'tis unkind for me ever to prove.
And sigh for *Alexis* thus hourly in vain,
To tell the deaf Rocks and the Woods
my soft pain.

Distract

The Loyal Garland:

Distractedly jealous through which I do robe
By day and by night in the search of my Love;
Yet unkind he does fly me, and robs me of bliss,
Takes all my kind heart, but gives me none
of his.

Yet wou'd he, yet wou'd he return but again,
I'd forgive the cruel Author of all my past
pain.

I'd meet my Alexis with unfolded Arms;
And muster to win him the force of my charms:
Smile and delight him with whispers of joy,
Then chide him that he to Aminta is coy:
Who lives but to love him, but if he relief
To my pain does deny, death shall ease my
sad grief.

SONG. XII.

Tyrannick Love, or the cruel Mistress.

I Obe in phantastick Triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd;
From whose fresh pains he did create,
And strange Tyrannick pow'r he show'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hur'd,

The Loyal Garland.

But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough to undo the amorous world.

(2.)

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And e'ry killing shaft from thee.

Thus thou and I the god have arm'd
And set him up a Deity;

But my poor heart alone is harm'd,

Whilst thine the Victor is and fra-

SONG. XIII.

Advice to Virgins.

Let's use time whilst we may,
Snatch those Joys that hast away.
Earth her wonted Coat may cast,
And renew her Beauties past;
But our Winter's come, in vain
We sollicit Spring again:
And when our Furroughs Snow shall cover,
Love may return, but not a Lover.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XIV.

The good Fellows.

When our Brains well liquoz'd are
Then we charm all eap our care;
Then we account Machevil a fool with his plots,
And cry ther's no depth but the bottom oth' pots.
Then Hector compar'd with us will be,
But a Coward and Cræsus beggarly:
Then with Songs our Voices we raise,
And ciddle our Temples with Waps.
Then Honour we account but a blast of wind,
And trample all things in our mind:
The valiant at Arms,
That are lead by fand alarms,
Get their Honour with harms,
Whilst he that takes up
A plentiful Cup
To no danger is brought,
But of paying his great
When quakely come Lab, and fill our Cups full,
For since down we must all be laid;
'Tis held a good Rule
In Bacchus's School,
'Tis better lye drunk then dead.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XV.

The Country Mans wish.

To the Tune of, *As May in all her youthful
dress, &c.*

Let Jug in smiles be ever seen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Pastures ever green,
And new Crops spring when Harbests done.
My Cattle thrive and still be fat,
And I my wish shall find in that.

Let my Table furnish'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And rappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.
My Vards with Poultery and Swine to feed
Well stor'd, and eke my Bonds with Fish,
My Barns well cram'd with Hay and Grain;
And I shall have my wish in this.

Let me in peace and quiet live,
Free from all discontent and strife;

And

The Loyal Garland,

And know from whom I all receive,
And lead a homely harmless Life.
Be neat in home spun cloathing clad;
And still to add to all my Bliss,
My Childzen train i'th' fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wish.

SONG. XVI.

A Scotch Song.

J Enney shall wæs gang alway bit,
Thoust know what Jocky means by it;
In gend faith I'se will use yen well,
And I'se gibe yen Curds thy Weem full.
Then stay not, nor delay not
Ganging with thy dear,
Nor say yen cannot, nor yen wonot,
Since by my Bonnet I'se don swere,
I'se don love yen better than any ene;
And will wadd yen, and badd yen,
If yen will but my dear be mine.

SONG. XVII.

The Answer.

VVhen Jocky don call Jenny forth,
She won gang with him good troth;

The Loyal Garland.

He weather shall divide we tway,
Then I'll give my hand myn heart you have,
So come on, and lets gang along,
Buckle deal wæs haill;
I'll long Mon till the thing's don,
Pay I'll like till the claddings past.
Then gis yen hand, lats to kirk a good throng,
And yen shall have what yen do crabe,
I'll warrant I'll buckle yen's thong.

SONG. XVIII.

The Witty Lasses Choice.

To the Tune of *The Experienced Doctor*.

(1.)

Give me the man that's witty and jolly,
I hate a fond sop that's conceited with folly,
A man that ingenious is, though he's no money,
Is welcome to me, and I'll call him my honey.

(2.)

Not wealth nor estate can a Maiden rejoyce,
If she does make an unfortunate choice.
If Riches do blind her to take an old man,
The joys she expected are less then a span.

(3.) 21

The Loyal Garland.

(3.)

Oh if for the same she an Idiot does wee,
Oh one that is clownish and never well bred;
What is her Life but an Ocean of trouble,
The joys she expected are less then a bubble.

(4.)

But if young and witty her Lover do prove,
What's wanting in money, he'll pay her in love;
He credit and joys like a spring will afford,
And please her forever at bed and at board.

SONG. XIX.

On the Times, or the good Subjects wish.

To the Tune of Young Phaon.

God days we see, let us rejoice
In peace and Loyalty,
And still despise the factious noise
Of those that vainly try,
To undermine our happiness
That they may by it get;
Knavery has great increase
When honesty does set.

The Loyal Garland.

But let us baffle all their tricks,
Our King and Country serve,
And may he never thrive that likes
Sedition in reserve.

Then let each in his station rest,
As all good Subjects shou'd,
And he that otherwise designs
May he remain unblest.

May Traytors ever be deceiv'd,
In all they undertake,
And never by good men believ'd;
May all the plots they make
Fall heavy on themselves, and may
They see themselves undone;
And never have a happy day
That wou'd their King dethrone.

SONG. XX.

The Saylor's Delight.

(I.)

Calm, calm's the day, the storm is o'er
That lately roard so loud;
And we have reach'd the happy shore
Without a broken oar.

Dur

The Loyal Garland.

Our Tackle fix'd well was, and true,
To bear the strongest wind;
Our Ship tumultuous waves cut through,
And did safe passage find

(2.)

The Deep in vain has spent its rage,
Lightning and Thunders cease;
Now we have gain'd the weather-gage,
And live in wealth and peace.
Fight on you winds, no more we fear
The danger of a storm;
True Loyalty to'ts Port will steer,
Though dangers round her swarm.

S O N G. X X I.

The Mothers Advice.

(1.)

'T Is Shepherds holliday, the Pimphs
come on,
Damon rouse for shame, let sloath be gone;
Cloris Queen of all the May appears
With Eyes as bright as are unclouded stars;
Lovely in the pride of all her youth,
Arise my Damon then and shake of sloath.

(2.) Meet

The Loyal Garland.

(2.)

Meet the Nymph in her approaching charms,
And let not greatness shake her from your
Arms.

Meet the opening glories of her prime,
Shepherd be bold, for now it is your time;
This day once past the times no more your own,
Cloris sweet Cloris is to morrow gone.

(3.)

Then baffle fear, and let her know you love;
Tell her how constant and how just you'll prove.
Bear all your sighs and deep laments along,
And let her see her Eyes have done you wrong.
Tell her to live or dye you are inclin'd,
As you her smiles or frowns your position find.

(4.)

Nymphs oft are thought severe when they
ne'r know,

Their Eyes a dart against our breasts do throw,
And would no doubt if sought to yield a cure,
As soon as ask'd to pains that we endure.
Pouths bashful nature is Loves only foe,
Then too her Damon, prithee Damon go.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXII.

The Country pastime.

What zaiſt thou Tom, ſhal's jig it now,
In good troth I'fe long to dounce;
Strike up then, and let it go,
And Jone do thou advance.
Hey how we caper now,
Wd; ſoot my Jo 'tis fine,
No Spaniſh Don with's Rapier now
Can take ſuch ſteps as mine.
Come Hobb and Nell about ſkip,
That thoſe who do us ſee
Thus take the in and out Trip,
May think there's none like we.

SONG. XXIII.

The merry meeting.

A merry wake I ſay,
Where Lads and Laſſes meet,
All on an Eaſter day
There Moll and Will did greet.
O Will ſaid ſhe how is it,
Since you and I laſt met?

You

The Loyal Garland.

You know how we did kiss it,
The time I'se ne'r forget.
O! Moll said Will that true is,
I'se know it very well,
But now alas my woe is,
I'se made thy Belly swell.
'Tis true growth Moll but grieve not,
It shall no charges be,
Full twenty shillings I've got,
And Paphkins two or three.
A spoon to feed the Wantling,
A Cow to give it Milk,
And wrap it in a Mantlin,
I'se will as soft as Silk;
And I'se too still be proud on't,
And think it like the Father;
Then grieve not Bill that you'a don't,
O! we did it together.
Gramercy, quo Billey, I find it,
That you are both kind and stout;
Then lets go, ne'r mind it,
And kiss the other bout.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXIV.

The sorrowful Damsel Comforted, or the
tryal of Love.

(1.)

As sighing in the gloomy shade,
The poor Aminta sat,
Lamenting her as dismal fate ;
Thus thus she turn'd her note.
O Strephon whether flies my love ;
O! Why wilt thou be gone ?
Why can you so unkind now prove,
To leave a Maid alone.

(2.)

A Maid that loves her Strephon so,
That she'd no danger shun,
But wou'd the worst of fortune know
Into his Arms to run.
She having breath'd her sorrow forth
Lay down and fell asleep,
When Strephon that well knew her worth
Did softly to her creep.

(3.)

For why he long behind a Tree
Had lain to probe her true ;

And

The Loyal Garland.

And now quite from suspicion free

His Love more earnest grew.

He kiss her sleeping Lips full oft,

And eke her panting Breast,

Her snowy hand that was so soft,

And on her Face did feast.

The Maid at this alack'd forpuz'd

To see her Love so near;

And on him with her Arms she lay'd

Crying 'tis't you my dear.

O my kind Stars what have you done!

In sending back my Joy:

Yet I must chide that you so long

Did my sweet peace destroy.

Alas said he this men must do

To prize a Jewel more;

There is no way to find it true

But polishing it o'er

Now since I find your Love so just

I know you have all my heart;

When otherwise perhaps mistrust

Had rob'd you of a part.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXV.

The Consideration.

If Wealth a man cou'd keep alive
I'd study only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty mass,
I might bribe the Fates to let me pass.
But since we can't prolong our years,
Why spend we time in needless sighs and tears,
For since destiny
Has decreed us to dye,
And all must pass o'ze the old ferry;
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many years,
We'll have a short Life and a merry.
Time keeps its round and destiny,
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;
And fortune never does bestow
A look on what we do below.
But Men with equal swiftness run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no course
For the better or the worse;
Let none be a Melancholly thinker;
Let the times the round go
So the Cups do so too,
Ne'r blush at the name of drinker.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXVI.

The Female Counsellor.

Consider Maids how short our Bliss
Are, and how they pass away :
We tire our selves with empty kisses,
And neglect the sweeter play.
Nature tells us that our making
Was design'd for higher things,
Let not coyneſſe then be making
Joys in Love, whence pleasure springs.

Though the advantages of wooing
Foolish custom has forbid,
Our eyes may speak and sighs be doing,
Messages our words have hid :
Let's tell our Lovers by our blush
More then our kisses are our due,
And when our Faces warm blood flushes,
We won'd other Joys pursue.

SONG. XXVII.

Upon defacing of *White-hall*.

VVhat Booker doth prognosticate
Concerning Kings or Kingdoms State,
I think

The Loyal Garland.

I think my self to be as wise
As some that gazeth on the Skyes:
My skill goes beyond the depth of a Pond,
My Rivers in the greatest rain,
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again.

2. There's neither Swallow, Dove nor Dade;
Can soar more high, or deeper wade;
Nor shew a reason from the stars,
That causeth Peace or Civil Wars:
The man in the Moon, may wear cut his shoo'n
By running after Charles his Train,
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King, &c.

3. Full forty years this Royal Crown
Hath been his Fathers and his own;
And is there any one but He,
That in the same should sharers be?
For who better may, the Scepter sway,
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the Wars will
Till the King enjoys, &c. (not cease)

4. Though for a time we see White-hall
With Cobweb hangings on the wall,

The Loyal Garland.

Instead of gold and silver brabe,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have,
With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that Princely Train,
Which again shall be, when the time you see,
That the King enjoys, &c.

5. Did Walker no predictions lack
In Hammonds bloody Almanack:
Foretelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true:
But why should not be the pilloze forese,
Wherein poor Toby once was tane:
And also foreknow, to th Gallows he must go,
When the King enjoys, &c.

9. When abaunt upon thy hill,
My hope shall cast his Anchor still.
Until I see some peaceful * Dove, * Gen: Monk
Bring home the Branch I dearly love:
Then will I wait till the waters abate,
Which most disturbs my troubled brain,
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXVIII.

The Loyal Soldier.

Vhen in the field of Mars we lye,
Amongst those Martial wights,
Who ne'ber daunted are to dye
For King and Countries rights,
As on Belona's God I wait, & her attendant be,
Yet being absent from my mate, I'll be in misery

2. When lofty winds aloud do blow,
It snoweth, hail, or rain,
And Charon in his boat both row,
Yet stedfast I'll remain,
And for my shelter in some barn creep,
Or under some Hedge lye,
Whilst such as do now strong Castles keep,
Knows no such misery.

3. When down in straws we tumbling lye,
With Morpheus charms asleep,
My heavy, sad and mournful eye,
In security so deep,
Then do I dream within my arms
With thee I sporting lye,
Then do I dread, or fear no harms,
Nor feel no misery.

The Loyal Garland.

4. When all my joys are thus compleat,
The Cannons loud do play;
The Drums alarum strait do beat,
Trumpets sounds, Horse, away,
Awake I then, and nought can find
But death attending me,
And all my joys are vanisht quite,
This is my misery.

5. When hunger oftentimes I feel,
And water cold do drinke,
Yet from my Colours I'll not steal,
Nor from my KING will shrink:
No Traytor base shall make me yield,
But for the Cause I'll be:
This is my love, pray Heaven to shield,
And farewell misery.

6. Then to our Arms we straight do tie,
And forthwith march away;
Few Towns or Cities we come nigh,
Good liquor us deny:
In Lethe deep, our woes we steep,
Our Lobes forgotten be,
Amongst the Iobialists we sing
Hang up all misery:

The Loyal Garland:

7. Propitious Fate then be more kind,
Grim death lend me thy dart;
Sun and Moon, and eke the Wind,
Great Jove take thou our part,
That of these Round-heads and these wars,
An end that we may see,
And thy great name we'll all applaud,
And hang all misery.

SONG. XXIX.

The Soldiers Delight : Made in the late times.

Fair Phydellia tempt no more,
I may not now thy beauty so adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serbe one more divine,
And greater far than you:
Hark, the Trumpet calls away,
We must go lest the foe
Get the field, and win the day.
Then march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is, though the odds is
Ten times ten to one.

The Loyal Garland.

2. Tempt no more I may not yield,
Although thine eyes a kingdom may surprize,
Leave off thy wanton tales,
The High-born Prince of Wales
Is mounted in the field,
Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
Though so born, nobly born,
Of a ne're decaying stock:
Cavaliers be bold, ne're let go your hold,
Those that loiters, are by traitors
Peerly bought and sold.

3. Phyl. One kiss more, and so farewell:
Sold. Fie, no more, I prithe thee fool give o're,
Why cloud'st thou thus thy beams?
I see by these extremes,
A womans Heaven or Hell:
Pray the King may take his own,
That the Queen may be seen,
With her Babes on Englands Throne,
Rally up your men, one shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we come to try our valour once again.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG XXX.

The Time-server ; Or, a Medley.

Rom for a Gamester that plays at all
he sees,
Whose fickle fancy fits such times as these ;
One that says Amen to ev'ry facious prayer,
From Hugh Peters Pulpit to St. Peters Chair,
One that doth adore the crossier and the Crown,
But yet can house with blades that carouze,
Whilst Bottle pots tumble down, derry down ;
One that can comply with Surplice and with
Pet for his end can Independ (Cloak
Whilst Presbyterian broke Britains yoke.

2. This is the way to trample without trem:
Tis the Sycofant's only secure, (bling,
Covenants and oaths are badges of dissembling,
Tis the politick pulls down the pure :
To profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the only ready way to be great,
Flattery doth the seat :
He're go, ne re Sir, will venture further
Than the greatest Dons in the town,
From a Copper to a Crown.

The Loyal Garland.

3. I am in a temp'rate humoꝛ now to think wel
Now I'm in another humor foꝛ to drink well;
Then fill us up a Beer-bowl boys, that we
May drink it merrily,
No knavish Spy shall understand,
Foꝛ if it should be known,
'Tis ten to one we shall be trappan'd.

4. I'll drink to thee a brace of quarts,
Whose Anagram is call'd True Hearts,
If all were well as I would ha' it,
And Britain cur'd of its tumour,
I should very well like my fate,
And drink my Sack at a cheaper rate,
Without any noise or tumult,
Oh then I should like my humour.

5. But since 'tis no such matter, change your
I may cog and flatter so may you;
Religion is a widgeon, and reason is treason,
And he that hath a Loyal heart may bid the
world adieu.

6. We must be like the Scottish man
Who with intent to beat down Schism,
Brought in the Presbyterian,
With Cannon and with Catechism.

The Loyal Garland.

If Benk won't do'tyther Jockey shoot,
For the Kirk of Scotland both commands
And what hath been, since they came in,
I think we have cause to understand.

SONG. XXXI.

The Royalist.

A Song made in the Rebellion,

Say, shut the Gate,
T'other quart, saith tis not so late.
As your thinking,
The stars which you see in the Hemisphere be,
Are but bluds in your cheeks by good drinking,
The suns gone to tippie all night in the sea boys,
To morrow he'l blush that he's paler than we
Drink wine, gi ve him water, (boys,

'Tis sack makes us the boys

2. Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,

Come away wi't :

Let's set foot to foot, & but gi ve our minds to't,
'Tis heretical Sir that doth slay wit,
Then hang up good faces, lets drink til our noses
Gives

The Loyal Garland.

Gives freedom to speak, what our fancy disposes
Beneath whose protection now under the rose is.

3. Drink off your Botol,

'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
with Canary :

For a Carbuncle to face saves a tedious race,
And the Indies about us we carry :

No Helicon like to the Juice of good wine is,
For Phoebus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow'd by 's as thine is and
mine is.

4. This must go round,

Off with your hats till the pavement be crown'd
with your Beavers,

A red coated face frights a Sergeant and
his thace,

Whilst the Constables trembles to shivers.

An State march our faces like some of that
quorum,

While the whores do fall down, and the vulgar
adore 'um,

And our Poses like Link boys run shining
foze 'um.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG XXXII.

The Scornful Lover.

L Ove thee, good faith not I,
I have something else to do,
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
Before you learn to woo,
Pay lie, stand off, go too, go too.

2. Because you are in the fashion,
And newly come to Court,
You think your Cloaths are Ornaments,
To invite us to the sport,
Aha, we do but see you for't!
3. For look so sweetly youth,
Not fiddle with your Band,
We know you trim your borrowed locks
To show your pretty hand,
You are too young for to command.

4. O why so confident,
Because that lately ye,
Have brought another Complement
Unto our Pedigree,
Thy inside seems the worse to me.

The Loyal Garland.

5. See where Sir Swotham goes,
I marry, there's your wit,
He cares not what he says or does,
So Ladies laugh at it,
Who can deny such Lads a bit?

X
SONG, XXXIII.

The Polititian; Upon an Act for Treason,
made by the Rebels, &c.

But since it was lately enacted high Treason
For a man to speak truth gainst the
head of a State.

Let every wise man make use of his reason,
To think what he will, but take heed what
For the Proverb both learn us, (he prate;
He that staves from the battel sleeps in a whole
skin (within
And our words are our own, if we keep them
What fools are we then that to prattle do begin
Of things that do not concern us?

2. 'Tis no matter to me who ere gets the battle,
The Tubs or the Crosses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattle,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be,
Unless

The Loyal Garland.

Unless he turn Traitor, (sure,
Let misers take courses to hoard up their trea-
Whose bounds have no limits, whose minds
have no measure,

Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my own nature.

3. But what if the Kingdom returns to one of
the Prime ones?

My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
I'll make it appear, if I had but the time once
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,

If he might but enjoy it :
He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the fate,
And an enby to every pragmatikal pate,
Whilst he that is low is safe in his estate,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

4. I count him no wit that is gifted in rayling
And flurting at those that above him do sit,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping
and goaling,

His purse and his person must pay for his wit ;
But 'tis better to be drinking,
If Sack were reformed to twelve pence a
quart

I'd study for money to merchandize for't,
With

The Loyal Garland.

With a Friend that is willing in mirth we
would sport,
Not a snap; but we'd pay it with thinking.

5. My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper
Without either Custom, or cursed Excise,
That the Wits may have freedom to drink
Deeper and deeper,
And not be undone whilst our Poles we baptize,
But we'll liquoz them, and drench them;
If this were but granted, who would not
Desire
To dub himself one of Apollo's own Quire:
And then we will drink whilst our Poles
Lay on fire,
And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to
Quench them.

SONG. XXXIV.

A Song upon a Recanting Lover.

20
+
S'were 'twas a dream, how long, fond man
have I
Been fool'd into captivity?
My Newgate was my want of wit,
I did my self commit, my bonds I knit;

I my

The Loyal Garland.

I my own Tayloz was, mine only foe,
Which did my freedom disallow,
I was a Prisoner, cause I would be so.

2. 'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dye:
By self to court your prebissness,
When I did at your footstool lye,
Expecting from your eye, to live or dye,
Now frowns or smiles, I care not which I have
For rather than I be your slave
I'll court the gods to send me to my grave.

3. Farewel those charms that did so long be:
Farewel that wanton youthful itch, (witch,
Farewel that treacherous blinking boy,
Which proffer'd seeming joy for to destroy,
Farewel those nights of pleasure, and to you,
Which were well known were not a few,
For ever, ever, evermore adieu.

4. Now I can stand the Salleys of your eyes,
In vain are all your Batteries,
Nor can that low dissembling stile,
Nor that bewitched smile longer beguile:
Nor those heart-traps which you each hour
renew,
To all those witchy-crafts, and to you,
For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

5. Now

The Loyal Garland.

5. Now will I shake off those chains, and probe
Opinion built the Coal of Love,
Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
His broken arrows too which murder so;
Nay all those fancies, which as Lovers dream
Were all compos'd to make a Theme
For some carousing Poets drunken flame.

SONG. XXXV.

The New Droll.

Come lets drink, the time invites,
Winter and cold weather,
For to spend away long nights,
And to keep good wits together;
Better far than Cards and Dice,
Isaac's Balls are quaint device,
Made up with Fan and Feather.

2. Of strange actions on the Seas,
Why should we be jealous
Bring us liquor that will please,
And will make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
When the Turks and they do meet
Within their Dardanello's.

The Loyal Garland.

3. Valentian that famous Town,
Stood the French mans wonder,
Water they imploied to drown,
So to cut their Troops in sunder,
Turcin gave a helpless look,
While the lofty Spaniard took
La Ferta and his plunder.

4. As for water we disclaim;
Bankinds aduersary,
Once it caus'd the worlds whole frame
In the Deluge to miscarry;
And that enemy of Joy
Which sought our freedom to destroy,
And murder good Canary.

5. We that drink have no such thoughts,
Black and void of Reason.
We take care to fill our Vaults
With good wine of every season;
And with many a chirping Cup,
We blow one another up,
And that's our only Treason.

6. Hear the Squibs, and mind the Bells
The fifth of November,
The Parson a sad story tells,

D

And

The Loyal Garland.

And with horrour both remember,
How some hot-brain'd Traitor wrought
Plots that would have ruine brought
To King and every Member.

SONG. XXXVI.

The silly Shepherd.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but will not
How he might his Mistress favour gain,
On a time they met, but kiss not,
Ever after that he sued in vain :
Blame her not, alas, though she said nay
To him that might, but fled away.

2. Time perpetually is changing,
Every moment alteration brings,
Love and Beauty still estranging,
Women are alas but wanton things.
He that will his Mistress favour gain
Must take her in a merry vain.

3. A womans fancy's like a Feather,
Or an Ague that both come by fits,
Hot and cold, but constant never ;
Even as the pleasant humour hits :

Sick

The Loyal Garland.

Sick, and well again, and well and sick,
In love it is a womans trick.

4. Now she will and then she will not,
But her to the tryal if once she smile:
Silly youth, thy fortunes spill not,
Lingring labours off themselves beguile.
He that knows, and can't get in,
His sick lock is not worth a pin.

5. A womans Nay is no denial,
Silly youths of Love are served so,
Put her to a further tryal,
Happily she'll take it, and say no;
For it is a trick which women use,
What they love they will refuse.

6. Silly youth why dost thou dally?
Having got time and season fit,
Then never stand, sweet, shall I? shall I?
For too much commend an after-wit:
For he that will not when he may
When he will, he shall have nay.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XXXVII.

The Royalists Resolve, made in the late
Times, &c.

Come Drawver some wine,
Dz we'l pull down the Sign,
For we are all Jibial Compounders:
We'l make the house ring
With Healths to our KING,
And confusion light on his Confounders.

2. Since former Committee
Afforded no pity,

Our sorrows in wine we will keep 'um;
They force us to take
Two Daths, but we'l make
A third that we ne're mean to keep 'um.

3. And ner't who e're sees
We'l drink on our knees

To the king, may be thirst that repines;
A fig for those Traytors
That look to our waters,
They have nothing to do with our wines.

4. And

The Loyal Garland.

4. And next here's three Botols
To all gallant Soules

That for the King did, and will venture,
May they flourish when those
That are his and our foes,
Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

5. And may they be found
In all to abound,

Both with Heaven and the Countreys anger,
May they never want Fractions,
Doubts, Fears and Distractions, (ger.
Till the Gallow-tree frees them from dan-

SONG. XXXVIII.

The Contest.

Beauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other :
Quoth Love I am one of the gods,
And thou waitst on my Mother :
Thou hadst no power on man at all
But what I gave to thee ;
Nor are you longer sweet or fair,
Than men acknowledge me.

The Loyal Garland.

2. Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind;
And men of nobler parts they can,
Our graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
And kindled mens desires,
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And wings to fan thy fires.
3. Cupid in anger flung away,
And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish his proud Maid;
So ever since Beauty has been
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is held a sin,
Gainst Cupid and his Power.

SONG. XXXIX.

The fond Amorist.

Tell me no more how fair she is,
For I have no mind to hear
A story of such distant Bliss,
I never shall come near;

The Loyal Garland.

By sad experience I have found,
That her perfections cause my wound.

2. For tell me now how fond I am,
For to tempt my daring fate,
Which never time could triumph in,
But repent too late :
There are some hopes e're long I may,
In silence dote my self away.

3. I ask no pity Love of thee ;
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me,
Nor glory in thy flame,
Which crowns my heart when e're it dyes,
In that it falls thy Sacrifice.

SONG. XL.

On Women.

Fear not, my Genius, to unfold
Thy silent thoughts as these ;
Women are born to be control'd,
Receive them as you please :
Their long usurped Monarchy,
Hath made me hate such tyranny.

The Loyal Garland.

2. Let them and their magnetick charms,
As Harbingers before 'um,
Possess themselves of Cupids arms,
As baits for to adore 'um :
I'll ne're commit Idolatry
With Subjects born as well as I.

3. Their Diety with them must fade,
This cannot be deny'd ;
Yet since the pretty things were made
Out of old Adams side :
We'll love them still, but know as thus,
We do't because they're part of us ;
And let it then suffice the Elves.
To say we love them as our selves,

SONG. XLI.

The satiated Lover.

You are not Cynthia better pleas'd than I,
What you have led the way,
Through this dark night of blind inconstancy,
And first by break of day :
To freedom now we'll sacrifice dreams past,
'Twas my dull fate to cry good morrow last.

The Loyal Garland.

2. Perhaps so soon I could not disengage,
Having a greater score:

Some birds will longer hover 'bout the Cage,
Though 'twas their Goale before:
But 'twas not long I mean to sit about
Your ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out.

3. But now my Taylor has my bonds unti'd,
I le hold my hands no more
Up at Loves Bar, he is condemn'd and try'd
That has been burnt before:

But that heart sickness which you gave, protects
'Tis seldom that the same plague twice infects.

4. Breasts that have felt Loves cruel slavery
Are better fortifi'd

By this experience than they e're could be

By reason or by pride:

Then blush not that you quench your amorous
flame,

But blush with me, if e're you love again.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XLII.

A Love Riddle.

Down in a Garden late my dearest Love,
Her Skin more soft and white than
dainty Snow,
More tender-breasted than the harmless Dove,
And far more kind than bleeding Pelican,
I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
Why was I born to live and dye a Maid :

2. For her I pluckt a pretty Marygold, (Sun
Whose leaves were shut in with the ev'ning
I spoke to her, Rise up Love, and behold
What pretty riddles this to thee hath shown:
These Leaves shut in, are chaste like Cloister
Nun,
Yet they will open when they see the Sun.

3. What mean you by this Riddle sir, she said,
I pray expound it : then I thus began,
Know Maids were made for Men, Man for a
Maid,
With that she changed colour and lookt wan,
Since you this Riddle Sir, so well have told,
Be you my Sun, I'll be your Marygold.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XLIII.

In praise of his Mistress.

If Narcissus foolish boy,
Did on a shadow fix his joy;
Or consume himself in seeing
That which had no life nor being:
If fair Leda loath'd a man,
And yet doted on a Swan;
How blest am I that loves a fair,
In whom the choice of all perfections are!

2. No cloud inhabits where she dwells,
But all the Air perfumed smells,
Where her touches she disposes,
Lillies grow like fragrant Roses,
And through every of her veins,
The violet shoots up and resigns,
Which doth perish and decay,
If she but once doth turn her beams away.

3. The pure heat of that chaste fire,
Which shines through all her parts intire,
And doth cheer me with delight,
Those heavenly objects fill my sight;

Dearest

The Loyal Garland.

Dearest yet forget to kill,
That I may live to serve you still;
That I may kiss that blessed hand
And so a Lovers statue always stand.

4. That I may have the happiness
To hug that tree, and not transgress;
To pluck those flowers whose virtues are
To make me rich, thee only rare,
O those kindlers of desire
Which do set the world on fire;
And so affright those powers above,
By consuming all consuming Love.

SONG. XLIV.

A Love Song.

Lie still my dear, why dost thou rise,
The light that shines comes from thine
The day breaks not, it is my heart, (eyes,
To think that thee and I must part.
Oh stay, oh stay, oh stay,
Or else our joys will dye,
Or perish in their infancy.

The Loyal Garland.

2. 'Tis true, 'tis day, what if it be,
Wilt thou therefore rise from me ?
Did we lie down because of night,
And shall we rise for fear of night ?
Oh no ; since in darkness we came hither,
With leave of light we'll lie together.

3. Love, let me lie in thy sweet breast,
More sweeter than the Phoenix nest ;
Love caus'd desire by thy sweet charms,
Oh let me lie within Loves arms :
Oh let, oh let, thy blissful kisses cherish
Or else my instant joys will perish.

SONG. XLV.

A Pastoral Song : With the Answer.

C Loris since thou art fled away
Amyntas sheep are gone astray ;
And all the joys he took to see
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
They're gone, they're gone, and he alway,
Sings nothing now, but well-a-day, well-a-day.

2. Th' embroider'd Scrip he us'd to wear,
Neglected lies, so doth his hair :

His

The Loyal Garland.

His crook is broke, Dog howling lies,
While he laments with woful eyes,
Oh Cloris, Cloris, I decay,
And saye I am to cry, well-a-day, well-a-day.

3. His Dated Pipe whereon he plays
So oft to his sweet Roundelays,
Is flung away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe or sing upon his plain,
'Tis death to any that shall say,
One word to him but well-a-day, well-a-day.

4. The way whereon her dainty feet,
In even measure us'd to meet,
Is broken down; and no content
Came near Amintas since she went;
For all that e're I heard him say
Was Cloris, Cloris, well-a-day, well-a-day.

5. Th' ground whereon she us'd to tread,
We ever since hath laid his head,
Still breathing forth such pining woes,
That not one blade of grass there grows;
Oh Cloris, Cloris, come away,
And hear Amintas well-a-day, well-a-day.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG, XLVI.

The Answer.

C Loris, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas Shepherds fled away,
And all the joys he went to spye
A'th' Babies of thine eye,
Are gone, and he hath nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away?

2. The Green on which it was her chance
To have her hand first in a dance;
Among the merry Maidens crew,
Now makes her nought but sigh and rue
The time she e're had cause to say,
And who can help what will away, will away?

3. The Lawn with which she went to deck,
And cirele in her whiter neck:
Her Apron lies behind the dooz,
The strings won't reach now as befoze,
Which makes her oft cry well-a-day,
But who can help what will away, will away?

4. He often swore that he would leave me,
E're of my heart he could bereave me;

But

The Loyal Garland.

But when the sign was in the Tapl,
He knew poore Maiden-flesh was frail,
And laughs now I have nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away

5. But let the blame upon me lye,
I had no heart him to deny:
Had I another Maiden-head
I'd lose it ere I went to bed:
For what can all the world make say,
Than who can help what will away, will away

SONG. XLVII.

A Song in derision of his Mistriss.

Fine young folly, though you wear
That rare beauty, I do swear,
Yet you ne're came near my heart;
For we Courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool,
You are not worth a serious part.

2. When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross mine Arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding Warley with your eye,
Pert to dally with my desires,

Sw

The Loyal Garland.

Swear the Sun ne're shot such fires :
All's but a handsome Lye.

3. When I eye your curled lace,
Gentle Soul, you think your face,
Straight some murther doth commit,
And your Conscience doth begin,
To grow scrup'lous of a sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

4. Therefore Madam, wear no Cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud ;
For in truth, I much do doubt
Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the air,
But your Cloaths that set you out.

5. Yet for all this truth confess,
And I swear I lov'd in jest :
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You'll swear I in earnest am ;
Belldam, this is pretty sport.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. XLVIII.

The Dominion of the Sword.

A Song made in the Rebellion, &c.

I Ay by your pleasing,
Law lies a blaſting;
Burn all your studies down, and throw away
your reading,

2. Small power the word has,
And can afford us,
Not half ſo much privilege as the ſword does.

3. It foſters your Maſters,
It plaſters Diſaſters,
It makes the ſervants quickly greater than
their Maſters.

4. It venters, it enters,
It ſeeks and it renters,
It makes a Prentice free in ſpite of his
Adventures.

5. It

The Loyal Garland.

5. It talks of small things,
But it sets up all things,
This masters Money, though Money masters
all things.

6. It is not season,
To talk of reason,
Nor call it Loyalty, when the Sword will
have it Treason.

7. It Conquers the Crown too,
The Grave and the Gown too,
First it sets up a Presbyter, and then it pulls
him down too.

8. This subtle Disaster,
Turns Bonnet to Weaver;
Down goes a Bishop, sits, and up starts a
Weaver.

9. This makes a Lay man,
To preach and to pray man,
And makes a Lord of him that was but a
Dray-man.

10. Far from the Pulpit,
Dr Saxby's Walp, this brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to the
Pulpit.

The Loyal Garland.

11. Such pitiful things be,
More happier than Kings be,
They get the upper hand of Thimblebee, and
Slingsbee.

12. No Gospel can guide it,
No Law can decide it,
In Church or State, till the Sword hath sa-
tisfied it.

13. Down goes your Law tricks,
Far from the Patricks,
Sprung up holy Hewsons Power, and pull
down St. Patricks,

14. This Sword it prevails too,
So highly in Wales too,
Shinkin ap Powel swears Cuts-plutterer nail

15. In Scotland this faster,
Did make such disaster,
That they sent their money back for which they
sold their Master.

16. It batter'd their Gunkirk,
And so it did their Spainkirks,
That he is fled, and swears the Devil is in
Dunkirk.

17.

The Loyal Garland;

17. He that can tower;
Or he that is lower,
Would be judg'd a fool to put away his power.

18. Take books and rent 'um,
Who can invent 'um,
When that the Sword replies, Negatur Ar-
gumentum.

19. Your brave Colledge Butlers,
Must stoop to the Butlers,
There's ne're a Library like to the Cutlers.

20. The blood that was spilt, Sir,
Hath gain'd all the Gilt, Sir,
Thus have you seen me run my sword up to
the Hilt, Sir.

SONG. XLIX.

The fickle Lover.

Would you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be:
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

2. Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still date upon thy face.
3. Not but all joys in thy brown hair,
By others may be found,
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful Mineralists, that sound
For treasure in a plow'd up ground.
4. When if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prop'rt the pleasant she,
With spoil of meane Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

SONG. L. 2

The Jovialists Coronation.

Since it must be so, why then so let it go,
Let the Gods brain'd times turn round,
Now we have our King, let the Nobles be
crown'd
And our Monarchy thus we recover:

Whila

The Loyal Garland

Whilst the Bottles are weeping,
We'll quench our sad souls
In big belly'd Bowls,
And our sorrows in wine shall lie sleeping,
And we'll drink till our eyes do run over,
And prove it by reason,
It can be no Treason
To drink, or to sing
A Journifal of Healths to our true Crowned
King.

2. Let us all stand bare, in the presence we are;
Let our Poses like Bonfires shine:
Instead of the Conduits let Bottles run wine,
To perfect this true Coronation;
And we that are loyal in drink shall be Peers,
For that face that wears Claret
Can Traytors defie all;
And out-stares the Bores of our Nation;
In sign of Obedience,
Our Oaths of allegiance,
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that tipples tends to jollitry.

3. But if in this Raign, a Halberdy train,
Or a Constable chance to rebel,
And would with his twyvels maliciously
Swell;

The Loyal Garland.

And against the Kings party raise Arms,
Then the Drawers like Yeomen o'the Guard,
With Quart-pots,
Shall fuddle the Sots,
Till they make 'um both Cuckolds & Freedmen
And on their wives beat up Alarm:
Thus as the Health passes,
We'l trifle our Glasses,
And count it no sin
To drinke and be loyal, in defence of our King.

SONG. LI.

A Lovers Request.

Since 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
Render such pity you would crave:
Since 'tis my fortune so to be,
To him that courts his destiny.

2. 'Twas those magnetick eyes that drew
My heart away at the first view,
Since then to love it was the womb
Which gave it life; be not the tomb.

3. Should I affect erill'd delay
Dangers attends a tedious way:

Few

The Loyal Garland.

Few are the words that may combine
Our hearts, 'tis only say Thou'rt mine.

4. Yet if another hath possess
Those hopes that might have made me blest,
Be speedy in thy Doom, and I
By death am freed from misery.

S O N G. LII.

The despairing Lover to his Mistress,

Fair Archabella to thine eyes
That paints just blushes on the Skyes,
Each noble heart shall sacrifice;
Yet be not cruel though you may,
When e'r you please to save or slay,
Do with a frown benight the day.

2. I do not beg that you shou'd rest
In an enforced high-way breast,
A Lodging for each common guest:
But I present a bleeding heart,
That never felt a former smart,
Wounded by Love, nor prickt by Art.

3. And

The Loyal Garland.

3. And if you smile, then I shall live:
But if you frown, a death you give.
For which it were a sin to grieve:
But if it be decreed I fall,
Grant me one Boon, one Boon is all,
That you wou'd me your Martyr call.

SONG. LIII.

Good Advice.

Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may,
For time is still a flying,
And that same Flower which grows to day,
To morrow will be dying.

2. The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer is to setting,

3. That age is best that is the first,
Whilst youth and blood are warmer:
But being fled, grows worse and worse,
And ill succeeds the former.

4. Then

3. When be not coy, but spend your time,
And whilst you may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

SONG. LIY.

The Muses Courting Sack.

Farewel my Mistresse, I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my self confine
To your humours, Lady mine?
No: your louting looks do say,
'Twill be a rainy drinking day,
To the Tabern lets away.

2. There have I a Mistresse got,
Cloyster'd in a Bottle-pot:
Plump and bounding, soft and fair,
Bucksom, sweet, and debonair,
And they call her Sack my dear.

3. Sack with no scornful breath will blast me,
Though upon the bed she cast me,
Yet ne're blush her self to red,
Nor fear the loss of Maiden-head:

And

The Loyal Garland.

And though mute and still she be,
Quicker wits she brings to me
Then I e're could find in thee.

4. Yet if thou wilt take the pain
To be kind yet once again,
And with thy smiles but call me back,
Thou shalt be the Lady Sack.
Oh then try, and you shall see,
What a loving soul I'll be,
When I'm drunk with none but thee.

S O N G. LV.

The Constant Lover.

Must your fair enflaming eye
Make a Lover moun o' cry?
All consenting, not repenting,
At your will to live o' dye.

2. Must your fair face, and bare desert,
Keep in awe a Lovers heart?

Yet by praying, and obeying,
In thee I hope to have part.

3. An

The Loyal Garland.

3. In excess of joy or pain,
I still labour to attain
Such a measure of Loves treasure,
Never to be poor again.

4. Although I should plainly see
Your disdain would murder me,
It should not fright me, but delight me,
So I might thy Party be.

SONG. LVL

The Loyal Prisoner.

How happy's that Pris'ner that conquers
his fate

With silence, and ne're on bad fortune com-
plains :

But carelessly plays with Keys on his grates,
And he makes a sweet consort with them
and his Chains.

He doth own care in Sack, while his thoughts
are oppress,

And he makes his heart float like a Cork in
his Breast.

Then since we are all Slaves, and Islanders be,
And our land a large Prison inclos'd with the Sea

We'l

The Loyal Garland.

We'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free
For man is the Worlds Epitomy.

2. Let Tyrants wear purple, deep dy'd in
the blood,

Of those they have slain their Scepters to
sway,

If our Conscience be clear, and our Title be good
With the rags that hang on us, we are
richer than they ;

We'll drink down at night what we beg or can
borrow,

And sleep without plotting for more the next
morrow.

Then since we are, &c.

3. Let the Usurer watch o're his bags and
hoale,

To keep that from Robbers he rak't from
his Debtors ;

Which at midnight cries thieves at the noise
of a mouse,

And he looks if his Trunks are fast bound
to their fetters :

When once he is grown rich enough for a
States-plot,

Self in one hour plunders what threescore years
Then since, &c.

4. Come

The Loyal Garland.

5. Come drabber, fill each man a peck of old
Sherry.

This brimmer shall bid all our senses good
night

When old Aristotle was frolick and merry,

By the juice of the grape he stagger'd out-
right,

Copernicus once in a drunken fit found

By the course of 's brains that the world did
turn round.

Then since, &c.

6. 'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to
shine,

And gives sincture beyond a complexion
mask,

Diogenes fell so in love with his Celline,

That when 'twas all out, he dwelt in the cask

And being shut up within a close room,

He dying, requested a Tub for his Tomb.

Then since, &c.

7. Let him neber so privately muffer his gold,

His Angels will their intelligence be,

How closely they'r press'd in their Canvas hold,

And they want the State-souldier to set them
all free ;

Let

The Loyal Garland.

Let them pine and be hang'd, we'l merrily sing
Who hath nothing to lose, may cry, God bless
the King.
Then since, &c.

SONG. LVII.

The Maidens Complaint.

When Flora had mantled the Meadows
with Flowers,
And richly adorned her beautiful Bowlers,
A Maid she sate sighing, and often did moan,
Saying, Love hath betraid her, & left her alone.

2. He spit at the Tyrant that hath me betray'd
And tar him with falshood for wronging a maid
I'll call him blind Archer, and treacherous boy,
Cause he with his engine my love doth annoy.

3. But if he preserve my heart as he should,
And wounds me not deeper with arrows of gold
I'll honour his precepts with clapping of hands
And still be obedient to all his commands.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LVIII.

Canary's Coronation.

Come let's purge our Brains,
From Ale and Grains,
They do smell of Anarchy:
Let's chuse a King,
From whose blood may spring,
Such a sparkling Progeny,
It will be fit, grow mine in it,
Whose flames are bright and clear,
We'l not bind our hands with Draymens
When as we may be freer, (bands,
Why should we drowp, or basely stoop
To popular Ale or Beer.

2. Who shall be King, how comes the thing,
For the which we all are met:
Claret is a Prince, that hath long since,
In the Royal Order set:
His face is spread with a warlike seed,
And so he loves to see men,
When he bears the sway, his Subjects they
Shall be as good as free-men,
But here's the Plot almost forgot,
'Tis too much burnt with Clomen.

The Loyal Garland.

3. By the River of Rhine is a valiant Vine,
That can all other replenish,
Let's then consent to the Government,
And the Royal Rule of Rhenish :
The German wine will warm the Thine,
And frisk in every vein.
'Twill make the Bride forget to chide,
And call him to't again ;
But that's not all, he is too small,
To be our Sovereign.

4. Let us never think of a noble drink,
But with notes advance on high :
Let's proclaim good Canary's name,
Heaven bless his Majesty,
He is a King in every thing,
Whose nature doth renounce all,
He'l make us skip and nimbly trip,
From Ceiling to the Groundsil,
Especially when Poets be,
Lords of the Privy-Council.

5. But a Vintner will his Taster be,
Were's nothing that can him let,
A Drawer that hath a good palat :
Shall be Squire of the Gimblet ;
The Bar-boys shall be the Pages all ;
A Tavern well prepar'd

And

The Loyal Garland..

And nothing shall be spar'd
In jovial sort shall be the Court,
Wine-Porters that are souldiers tall
Be Peomen of the Guard.

6. But if a Cooper we, with a red nose see;
In any part of the Town,
The Cooper shall with his Ads-royal,
Bear the Scepter of the Crown.
Young wits that wash away their Cash
In Wine and Recreation,
Who hates Ale and Beer shall be welcome here
To give their approbation,
So shall all you, that will allow
Canary's Coronation.

SONG. LIX.

The Lovers Complaint.

Tell me ye wandring spirits of the air,
Did you e're see a Nymph more bright,
more fair

Than beauties darling, & her parts most sweet
Then stole content; if such a one you meet,
Wait on her early wheresoe're she lies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntas for her absence dyes.

The Loyal Garland.

2. But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Where she on earth, she had been with me still :
Fly, fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And see what Star is lately fired there ;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down and worship, that is she.

3. Go search the valleys, pluck up every Rose,
And you shall find a scent of her in those,
Go fish for Pearl-coral, there you shall see
How oriental all her colours be :
Then call the Echo to your aid and cry,
Choris, Choris, assist, or else I dye.

SONG. LX.

Platonick Love.

Fond Lovers what do you mean,
To Court an idle folly ?
Platonick Love is nothing else
But meerly Melancholly,
'Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

2. To dote upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,

The Loyal Garland.

O to believe a dimpled chin,
Compleat felicity,
'Tis to betray your liberty.

3. She cares not for your sighs,
Nor your lamenting eyes,
She hates to hear a fool complain,
And cry, he dyes, he dyes,
Believe she loves a close surprize.

4. Then be no more so fond,
As to think a woman can
Be satisfied with Complements,
The frothy part of a man,
Oh no, she hates a Puritan.

5. Then venture to embrace,
'Tis but one squeak or two,
I'm confident no woman lives,
But sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her but you.

The Loyal Garland,

SONG. LXI.

Upon passionate Love,

NO man Loves fiery passion can approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion,
I like a mild and like warm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

2. Besides, man need not love unless he please,
No destiny can force mans disposition,
How then can any dye of that disease,
When as himself may be his own Physician:

3. Some one perhaps in long consumption dy'd
And after falling into love may dye:
But I dare lay my life he ne're had dy'd,
Had he been healthy at the heart, as I.

4. Some others rather than incur the slander
Of false Apostates, may true martyrs prove:
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
He neither hang nor drown'd my self for love.

5. Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for love, as others do,

But

The Loyal Garland.

But prais'd be Jove, it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within one hour or two.

6. Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd till now,
And know no reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall do,
His Courage is no better than his wit.

S O N G. LXII.

The Womans Answer.

NO man loves fiery passion can resist
That either values pleasure or promotion.
I hate luke-warmness in an Amozist,
It is as bad in love, as in devotion.

2. You that pretend to have a love-proof heart
And dare despise the sacred power of Love,
May know that moze has saln by Cupids dart,
Than by the dreadful thunder-bolts of Jove.

3. For can you love, or not love, as you please,
For Cupids laws commands the disposition;
And I have known one dye of that disease,
Whereof himself to others was Physician.

The Loyal Garland.

4. For when the little God doth shoot his darts
From the bright eyes of women that are fair,
The strokes are fatal, & will wound the hearts
Of men as healthful as you think you are.

5. Those that thus dye for love, incur no slander,
But with loves holy martyrdom are crownd;
Perhaps you cannot imitate Leander,
For every man was not born to be drown'd.

6. You say you've been a Lover by report,
But never yet deseru'd so good a name,
He never lov'd indeed, loves but a sport,
It is ill jesting with a sacred flame.

7. Long may you live unlov'd, & when you dye
Women upon your loathed grave shall spit,
Till then all Gentlemen shall swear you lie,
To try your courage, as you did your wit.

SONG. LXIII.

An Excellent Song.

I Dote, I dote, but am a Dot to show it,
I was a very fool to let her know it;

For

The Loyal Garland.

For now she doth so running grow,
She proves a friend worse than a foe,
She'l neither hold me fast, nor let me go:
For she tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then straight I endeavour to leave her,
For to make me to stay,
Throws a kiss in my way,
Oh then I could tarry for ever.

2. Then I retire, salute, and sit down by her.
Thus do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire,
Then Pectar from her lips I sup,
Although I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am sort with kissing of the Cup,
For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her Breasts of Delight,
Are two Bottles of white,
And her eyes are two Cups of Canary.

3. Drunk as I live, dead drunk without re-
prieve
And all my secrets dribble through a sieve,
Upon my neck her Arms she layeth,
Then all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I laid hold on with my subdled faith:
For I find a fond Lover's a drunkard,

And

The Loyal Garland.

And dangerous is when he flies out ;
With Lips and with Sips,
Black eyes and white thighs,
Blind Cupid sure tiptled his eyes out.

4. She bids me rise, tells me I must be wile
Like her, for she is not in love she cries ;
Then do I fume, and fret, and throw,
Though I be fetter'd to my foe,
Then I begin to run, but cannot go :
But paithee sweet, use me more kindly,
'Tis better to hold me more fast ;
If you e're disengage,
The Bird from the Cage,
Believe me, he'l leave you at last.

5. Like Hot I sit, that us'd to fill the Town
with Wit,
But I confess I have most need of it,
I have been drunk with Duck and Deer,
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer ;
I think I can number the montes too,
Joly, August, September, October.
Thus runs the Account,
A mischief light on't,
Sure I shall go home when I'm sober.

The Loyal Garland.

My legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd
My heart and body too, are much enflam'd ;
Now by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the Gods above
Tis better to be drunk with wine than Lobe.
For Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our Foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although I do grope,
Yet there is some hope
That I shall be sober next morning.

7. Now with command, she throws me from
her band,

And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand,
I measure all the ground by trips,

Was ever Sot so drunk with Sips ?

Or ever man so over-seen in Lips ?

I pray Adam Fickle be faithful,

And leave off your damnable dodging,

Either love me or leave me,

And do not deceive me,

But let me go home to my Lodging.

8. I have too much, and yet my folly's such,

I cannot leave, but must have to'ther touch,

Here's a Health to the King : how now ?

I'm drunk, and shall speak treason I vow,

But

The Loyal Garland.

But Lovers and fools may say any thing
I know;

For I fear I have tired your patience;

But I'm sorry: 'tis I have the worst on't,

My wit hath bereft me;

And all that is left me,

Is but enough to make a Song on't,

My Mistress and I

Shall never comply,

And that is the short and the long on't.

SONG. LXIV.

A Pastoral Song betwixt a Shepherd and
a Shepherdess.

Q. Do you not once Lucinda bow,
You would love none but me?

A. I but my Mother tells me now,

I must love wealth, not thee.

Shep. Cruel, thy love lies in thy power,

Though Fate to me's unkind:

Maid. Consider but how small thy Dowry

Is in respect of mine;

Shep. Is it because my sheep are poor,

Or that my flocks are few?

Maid.

The Loyal Garland.

- Maid, No, but I cannot love at all,
So mean a thing as you.
Shep. Ah me, Ah me, mock you my grief?
Maid. I pity thy hard fate.
Shep. Pity for Love's but poor relief,
I'll rather choose your hate.
Maid. Content thy self, Shepherd a while,
I'll love thee by this Kiss,
Thou shalt have no more cause to mourn
Than thou canst take in this.
Shep. Bear record then you Powers above,
And all those Holy Bands:
For it appears the truest Love,
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

SONG. LXV.

A Caveat.

Take heed fair Cloris, how you tame
With your disdain, Amyntas flame,
A noble heart, if once deny'd,
Swells into such a height of pride,
I will rather burst, than deign to be,
A worshipper of Cruelty.

The Loyal Garland.

2. You may see common Shepherds be,
My sighs to storms will quickly grow,
And set such scorn upon your pride,
Will blast all I have magnified,
You are not fair, if love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

3. Oh do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden thore whereon you sleep,
For the Tales ambition tells,
Forsake the house where honour dwells :
In Damon's Palace you'll ne're shine
So bright, as in these arms of mine.

SONG. LXVI.

The Platonick Lover.

She's not the fairest of her name,
And yet she conquers more than all her race
But she hath other motives to inflame
besides her lovely face,
As wit and constancy,
And charms that take the soul more than the
'Tis no easie Lover knows how to discover such
divinity.

The Loyal Garland.

And yet she is an easie Book,
Written in plain language for the meane.
A stately garb, and a gracious look, (wit
With all things justly fit,
But age will undermine
That glorious outside which appears so fine,
When the common Lover shrinks and gives
her over,
Then she's only mine.

To the Platonick that applies
His cleat abozettes only to the mind,
The Body but a Temple signifies
Wherein the Saints inhrin'd:
To him it is all one,
Whether the walls be Marble, or of Stone,
Pay in holy places which old time defaces,
Post Devotion's shown.

SONG. LXVII.

Love's Extasie.

NOW I confess I am in Love,
Although I thought I never should,
But 'tis with one sent from above,
Whom Nature fram'd of finer Mould,

The Loyal Garland.

So good, so rare, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.

2. Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
When Sol salutes the Venusphere,
So shrinks the Beauties called great
When sweet Rosella doth appear:
Where she as other Women are,
I should not court her with despair.

3. But I could never bear a mind,
Willing to stoop to common faces,
For confidence enough could find
To aim at one so full of graces,
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be fit for me.

SONG. LXVIII.

The Husband-man and Serving-man.

WELL met my friend, upon the high-way
walking on,
So sad all alone,
I pray you tell to me, of what science you be,
Or are you a Serving-man?

The Loyal Garland.

2. Oh my brother dear, why dost thou inquire
Any such thing at my hand?
I will not feine but chill tell thee plain,
I am a plain Husband-man.

3. If a Husband-man you be, if you will go with
You shall find alteration then, (me
For I will bring you in a very short time,
Where you may be a Serving-man.

4. Good Sir, che give you thanks for your
great diligence,
Zimple though here I do stand:
But yet I do mean with my plough & my team
Still to be a Husband-man.

5. We have pleasure like a King, we ride a
Hunting,
With our goodly Greyhounds many a one,
Our horns all arow, their measures for to blow,
Oh 'tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

6. We have pleasure more than that
To see our Oren bat,
Not under their loads for to stand;
But to labour and take pain,
To bring in our gain,
Oh 'tis pleasure for a Husband-man.

The Loyal Garland.

7. A Seruing-man both eat,
The best meat that he can get,
His Pig, Goose, Capon, and his Swan,
Thereto his Pasties fine,
With Sack and Claret-wine,
Oh 'tis Diet for a Seruing-man.

8. As for Pig, Goose and Capon,
Give me good Beef and Bacon,
With Butter and Cheese among,
And in a Country House
That Pudding and Zouze,
That's Diet for a Husbanding-man.

9. A Seruing-mans behaviour,
Brings him into favour,
When he waits his Masters Table upon;
There is never a Knight nor Squire
That lives in all the Shire,
But he must have a Seruing-man.

10. If a Seruing-man you were,
Then need you not to care
For tilling or ploughing of your land;
For then you may go gay,
And wear brave array,
Oh 'tis habit for the Seruing-man.

The Loyal Garland.

11. As for your gay Kepparel,
Zir, this is not quarrel,
What you and I do stand upon:
But faine would I know,
If that thou canst me show,
What pleasure hath a Seruing-man.

12. A Seruing-mans pleasure
Is without his measure,
When the Batok is his fist upon,
To see what haste he will make,
His game for to take,
Oh 'tis pleasure for a Seruing-man.

13. We have pleasure also,
To see our Cozn grow,
And prosper the land upon,
And to get it in our Barns,
Free from any harms,
Oh 'tis pleasure for a Husbanding-man.

14. Indeed sir, it were bad,
If none were to be had,
To tend the Table upon,
But there's neither Emperour nor King,
Nor any living,
Can live without the Husbanding-man.

The Loyal Garland.

15. Indeed I must confess,
And grant you no less,
And give you the upper hand,
Your labour is painful,
But yet it is gainful;
I would I were a Husbanding-man.

15. Then let us all,
Both great and small,
Pray for the peace of old England,
And that we may ever
Do our endeavour,
Still to maintain the Husband-man.

SONG. LXIX.

A Merry Medley.

First Ayr.

The Jews Corant.

Let's call and drink the Cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the sky,
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lye,
Since all the world grows mad, why may not I.
By

The Loyal Garland.

My Father's dead and I am free,
He left no children in the world but me,
The Devil drunk him down with usury
And I'll repine in liberality,
When first the English war began,
He was precisely a politick man,
That gain'd his state by sequestration,
Till Oliver began (run
To come with sword in hand and put him to the
Then jovial Lads who are undone.
So by the Father, come home to the Son
Whom Wine and Musick now do wait upon,
let's tipple up a fun,
And drink your woes away, jolly hearts come
on, come on.

SONG. LXX.

The Second Ayre.

Come hither my own sweet Duck.

WE's all be merry and jolly,
Quaff, carouse and reel,
We's play with Peggy and Molly,
Dance, and kiss, and feel,

The Loyal Garland.

We's put up the Bag pipe and Organ,
And make the Welsh Harper to play,
Till Mauris ap Shon ap Morgan
Fisk as on St. Taffies day.

Hold up Jinny,
Piper come play us a Spring;
All you that have Musick in ye
Tipple, dance and sing.

SONG. LXXI.

Third Ayre.

French Tricatees.

L Et de French Monsieur come and swear,
Begar Monsieur,
Dis is de ting bee long to hear,
So many a year.
Dancing vill be lookt upon,
Now de man of Pren is gone,
We glad his dancing days be done;
When de flower de luces grows,
With de English Crown and Rose,
Dat's very good as we suppose,
De French can live without de nose.

SONG

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXII.

Fourth Ayre.

A New Country Dance.

NO Dayman shall with his dull feet appear
Lord in the Common-weal,
No Jesuit in the Pulpit appear,
Under a Cloak of zeal:
Musician never be noted
For wandring men of ease,
But they shall be finely coasted
And permitted to sing what they please,
If all things do but hit well
Who knows but so't may be,
Though now you be very zealous,
Then you'll laugh and be merry as we.

SONG. LXXIII.

The Resolute Lover.

Little Love serves my turn
Tis so inflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
I'll give o're gaming;

The Loyal Garland.

For when I think upon't,
Oh 'tis so painful,
Cause Ladies have a trick
To be disdainful.

2. Beauty shall court it self,
'Tis not worth speaking;
He no more am'rous pelf,
No more heart-breaki'g;
Those that ne're felt the smart,
Let them go try it;
I have redeem'd my heart,
Now I defie it.

SONG. LXXIV.

A Song in praise of Canary.

Listen I pray, to the words I've to say,
In memory firm and certain,
Rich wine doth us raise, to the hono'r of the bays,
Quod non facere desertim.

2. Of all the juice, that the gods do produce,
Sack shall be preferred before 'um;
It's Sack that shall create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum.

3. The

The Loyal Garland.

3. We abandon Ale, and Beer that is stale,
Rosa solis, and damnable Hum;
But we will crack, in the praise of Sack,
Against Omne quod exit in um.

4. This is the wine in former time,
Each wisest of the Magi,
Was wont to carouze, and frolickly bouze,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

5. Let the hop be their baine, and the Por be
their pain,
Let the Gout and the Collick pine 'um,
That offer to shrink from taking this Drink,
Sen Gracum, sive Latinum.

6. Let the Glass go round, let the Quart
pint pot sound,
Let each man do as he's done to;
Avaunt you that hug, the abominable Jugg,
'Mongst us, Heteroclitæ sunt.

7 Sack's only divine, Beer's draff for a swine,
There's no such mud as Ale is;
In which they that wallow, a dunc take their
swallow;
Sunt Talpa Dama Canalis.

8. There's

The Loyal Garland.

8. There's no such disease, as he that doth please
With Ale and Beer for to shame us:
Its Sack makes us sing, *Hi ding, a ding, ding*
Musa Apollo majora Canamus.

9. When I've Sack in my brain, I'm in a
merry vain.

And this my only bliss is:

He that is most wise I can him despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses.

10. How it clears the brain: how it warms
the vein,

How against all crosses it arms us:

How it makes him that's poor courageous & stout
Et mutatas dicere formas.

11. Give me my boy, my delight, and my joy,

To the Lad that never drinks Ale,

By Sack he that claps us, into our Syntaxis,
Est verbum personale.

12. Art thou sick or lame, or are thy wits in
blame:

Call for Sack, and thou shalt have it:

Then do not rise, but be very wise,
Cui una natura negabit.

The Loyal Garland:

1. We have merry-go-dolens, we have io-
bial rounds,
Yet nothing comes at random;
When you come to pay, do you shrink away,
Id est commune notandum.

4. He that drinks still and ne're has his fill,
Has a passage like a Conduit,
He still doth aspire, his rapture's on fire,
Si Æthera Æthera fundit.

5. I have told you plain, and I tell you again
We be as mad as Orlando,
He is but an Als: and so let him pass,
Nisi bibit ostia stando.

SONG. LXXV.

The Royalists Answer to, Nay prithee
don't fly me.

I Have reason to fly thee,
And not sit down by thee
For I hate to behold,
One so sawcy and bold,
To deride and contemn his Superiours,
Our Madams and Lords,

And

The Loyal Garland.

And such mannerly words,
With the gestures that be
Fit for every degree,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due

From all those that are our Inferiours,
For from the beginning there were Princes
we know,
'Twas you Levellers hate 'um, 'cause you
can't be so.

2. All Titles of Honours
Were at the first in the Donors,
But being granted away
With the Grantees stay,

If he wear a small soul or bigger.
There's a necessity
That there should be degree;
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A Sir John, and my Lord,
Though Dick, Tom, and Jack,
Will serve you and your Pack,
Honest Dick's name enough for a Digger:
He that has a strong Purse can all things
say or do,
He is valiant and wise, and religious too,

The Loyal Garland.

We have cause to adoze,
That man that has store,
Though a Boze or a Sot
There's something to be got ;

Though he be neither honest nor witty,

Take him high, let him rule,

He'll be playing the fool,

And transgress, then we'll squeeze

Him for Fines and for Fees,

And so we shall gain

By the wants of his Brain,

'Tis the Fools-cap that maintains the City.

If honour be air, 'tis in common, and as fit,

For the fool and the clown, as for the champi-

on or the wit.

Then why mayn't we be

Of different degree ?

And each man aspire

To be greater and higher,

Than his wiser or honest Brother ?

Since Fortune and Nature

Their favours do scatter ;

This hath valour, that wit,

Other wealth, nor is't fit,

That one should have all,

For then what would befall

Him that's born nor to one nor to'ther ?

Though

The Loyal Garland.

Though honour were a prize at first, now
a chattle,
And as marchantable grown as your wares
your cattle.

5. Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drinke Sack and submit,
And not shew your wit

By our prating, but silence and thinking
Let the Politick Jewes,
Read Diurnals and News,
And heare their discourse,
With a Comment that's worse,
That which pleaseth me best
Is a Song or a Jest,

And my obedience I shew by my drinkeing
He that drinks well, does sleep well, he that
sleeps well doth think well,
He that drinks well, doth do well, he that does
well, must drink well.

SONG

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXVI.

On the taking of *Mardike*.

When first *Mardike* was made a prey,
'Twas *Courage* that carry'd the
Town away,

Then do not lose your valoured prize,
By gazing on your Mistresses Eyes:
But put off your Petticoat-parley,
Potting, and setting,
And laughing, and quaffing Canary,
Will make a good Soldier miscarry,
And never travel for true renown;
Then turn to your Martial Mistresses,
Fair *Minerva* the Soldiers sister is,
Kallping and dallying;
With gashing and slashing of wounds, sir,
With turning and burning of Towns, sir,
Is a high step to a States-mans throne.

2. Let bold *Belona's* Brewer crown,
And his Tun shall overflow the Town;
And give the Cocker sword and safe.
And a Linker may trappan the State,
Such fortunate foes as these be,
Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby*,
Father

The Loyal Garland.

Father and Mother,
And Sister and Brother confounded,
And many good Families wounded
By a terrible turn of Fate;
He that can
Kill a man,
Thunder and plunder precisely;
This is the man that doth wisely,
And may climb to a Cheer of State.

3. It is the Sword doth order all,
Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall;
All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
No Logick like a Basket-hilt,
It handles 'em joynt by joynt, fir,
Quilling and drilling,
And spilling, and killing profoundly,
Until the disputers o'th ground lye,
And have never a word to say,
Unless it be Quarter, Quarter,
Truth is confuted by a Carter,
By stripping, and nipping,
And ripping, and quipping evasions,
Doth conquer a power of persuasions,
Aristotle hath lost the day.

4. The Basket gives St. Paul the lurch,
And beats the Cannons from the Church.

The Loyal Garland.

The Priests Episcopal Gown too,
And the Organ hath lost his sound too,
Tantara, Tantara, the Trumpet
Has blown away Babylons Strumpet,
Now divinity gins to crack :
The Counsellours are struck dumb too,
By the Parchment upon the Drum too,
Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub,
Dub-a-dub, Dub-a-dub an alarum,
Each Corporal now can out dare us,
Learned Littleton goes to rack.

5. Then since our Swords so bright do shine,
We'l leaue our wenches and our wine,
And follow Mars where e're he runs,
And turn our pipes and pots to guns,
The bottles shall be the Granadoes,
We'l bounce about the bravadoes,
By huffing and puffing,
And snuffing, and kuffing the Spaniards,
Whose blows has been dy'd in a Tan-yard :
Well got fame is a Warriours wife :
The Drower shall be the Drummer,
We'l be Colonels all next Summer,
By hilding and tilting,
And poyntring and joynting,
Like brave boys,
We shall have gold or a grave boys,
And there is an end of a Soldiers life.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXVII.

The Re-Resurrection of the RUMP: or,
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.

To the Tune of the Black Smith.

If none be offended with the scent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content,
To sing of the Rump of a Parliament,
which no body can deny.

2. I have sometimes sed on a Rump in solowse,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a House,
But till now was ne're heard of the Rump of
a House,
which, &c.

3. There's a rump of beef, & the rump of a goose,
And a rump whose neck was hang'd in a noose:
But ours is a Rump can play fast and loose.
which, &c.

4. A rump had Jane Shore, & a Rump Messaleen,
And a Rump had Antonies resolute Queen:
But such a Rump as ours is, never was seen,
which, &c.

5. Two

The Loyal Garland.

5. Two short years together we English have
scarce

Been rid of thy rampant Pose (Old Mars)
But now thou hast got a prodigious Arse,
which, &c.

6. When the parts of the body did all fall out,
Some votes it is like did pass for the Snout;
But that the Rump should be King was never
a doubt,

which, &c.

7. A Cat has a Rump, & a Cat has nine lives;
Yet when her heads off, her rump never strives;
But our Rump from the grave hath made two
Retribes,

which, &c.

8. That the Rump may all their enemies quail;
They borrow the Devils Coat of Mail,
And all to defend their Estate in Tail,
which, &c.

But though their scale now seem to be th' upper
There's no need of the charge of a Thanks-
giving supper,

(Crupper

For if they be the Rump, the Arm's their
which, &c.

The Loyal Garland.

10. There is a saying belongs to the Rump,
Which is good although it be woꝛn to the Rump
That on the Buttock He give thee a thump.
which, &c.

11. There's a Proverb in which the Rump
claims a part,
Which hath in it more of sense than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
which, &c.

12. There's another Proverb gives the Rump
for his Crest,
But Alderman Atkins made it a Jest,
That of all kind of Locks, Shitten Luck is
the best,
which, &c.

13. There's another Proverb that never will
fail,
That the good the Rump will do when they pre-
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail, (vail,
which, &c.

14. There is a saying which is made by no fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the Rump will spend all we have in close
which, &c.

(fools,
15. There's

The Loyal Garland.

15. There's an obseruation wise & deep, (weep,
Which without an Onion will make me to
That Flies will blow maggots in the rump of
which, &c. (a Sheep,

16. And some that can see the wood from the
trees,
Say, this sanctifi'd Rump in time we may leese
For the Cooks do challenge the Rumps for
their fees,
which, &c.

(mone,
17. When the Rump doth sit wee'l make it our
That a Reason be 'nated if there be not one,
Why a fart hath a tongue, & a fust hath none,
which, &c.

18. And whilst within the walls they lurk,
To satisfie us will be a good work,
Who hath most religion, the rump of the Turk,
which, &c.

19. A Rump's a flag-end, like the baulk of
a furrow,
And is to the whole like the Tail to the Burrough
'Tis the bran which is left when the Deal is
run thorough,
which, &c.

The Loyal Garland.

20. Consider the world, the heaven is the head
on't;

The earth is the middle, & we men are fed on't,
But hell is the Rump, and no more can be
said on't;
which no body can deny,

SONG. LXXVIII.

The Bulls Feather.

I chanc't not long ago, as I was walking,
And eccho did bring me to where two were
talking,

'Twas a man said to his wife, dye had I rather
Than to be cornuted, & wear the Bulls leather,

2. Then presently she reply'd, Sweet art thou
jealous?

Thou canst not play Vulcan befoze I play
Venus;

Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather:
There's many an honest man has worn the
Bulls leather.

3. Though

The Loyal Garland.

3. Though it be invisible, let no man it scorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn;
He that disdains it in heart or mind either,
May be the more subject to wear the Bulls
feather.

4. He that lives discontent, or in despair,
And searcheth false measure, because his wives fair
His thoughts are inconstant, much like win-
ter weather,

Though one or two want it, he shall have a
feather.

5. Bulls feathers are common as Ergo in schools
And only contemned by those that are fools :
Why should a Bulls feather cause any unrest,
Since neighbours fare always is counted the
best ?

6. Those women who are fairest, are likely't
to give it ;

And Husbands that have them, are apt to
believe it,

Some men though their Wives should seem
for to tender,

They should play the kind neighbour, and
give the Bulls feather.

The Loyal Garland.

7. Why should we repine that our wives are
so kind,
Since we that are husbands, are of the same
mind?

Shall we give them feathers, and think to go
free?

Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

8. For he that disdains my Bulls feather to day,
May light of all as that will play him soul play;
There's ne're a proud Gallant that treads on
Cows leather,

But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls
feather.

9. Though Beer of that brewing I neber did
drink,

Yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'l have it, or else they will
give it.

10. Then let me advise all those that do pine,
For fear that false jealousie shorten their time,
That disease will torment them worse than
any feaver;

Then let all be contented, and wear the Bulls
feather.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXIX.

The Merry Goodfellow.

VVhy should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the world now is grown mad?
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in stozz
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as pooz,
As the Wretch that never any thing had.

2. How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
That to purchase to him and his Heirs,
Grows thriviled with thirst and hunger;
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready-money,
And ne're trouble the Scriveners nor Lawyer,

3. Those guts that by scraping and toyling,
To swell their Revenues so fast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks of each Tar,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

4. While

The Loyal Garland.

4. While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple;
We ne're trouble our Heads
With Indentures and Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
5. Our Money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,
No Pyrates nor wracks can affright us;
We that have no Estates
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open Gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
6. We laugh at those Fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
Pay the Plunderers loose their designs.
7. Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all our sorrow;
Those Cozmozants which

Are

The Loyal Garland.

Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they horrore.

8. The Mayor of the Town with his Buff on,
That a pox is he better than we :

He must vail to the man with the Buff on ;

Though he Custard may eat,

And such lubbardly meat,

Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

SONG. LXXX.

The Levellers Rant.

TO the Hall, to the Hall,
For Justice we call,

On the King and his pow'rful adherents and
friends, (ends.

Who still hath endeavour'd, but we work their

'Tis we will pull down what e're is above us,

And make them to fear us that never did love us

Wee'l level the proud, and make every degree

To our Royalty bow the knee ;

'Tis no less than Treason,

'Gainst freedom and Reason,

For our Brethren to be higher than we.

2. First

The Loyal Garland.

2. First the thing call'd a King,
To judgment we bring,
And the spawn of the Court that were prouder
than he,

And next the two Houses united shall be,
It does to the Romish Religion inbeagle,
For the state to be two-headed like a spread
eagle.

Wee'l purge the superfluous Members away,
They are too many Kings to sway:

And as we all teach
'Tis our Liberties breach,
For the Freeborn Saints to obey.

3. Not a claw in the Law
Shall keep us in awe;

We'l have no Cushion-cuffers to tell us of hell;
For we are all gifted to do it as well:

'Tis freedom we do hold forth to the Nation,
To enjoy our fellow creatures as at the creation
The carnal mens wives are for men of the
spirit,

Their wealth is our own by merit,

For we that have right,

By the Law called Right,

Are the Saints that must judge and inherit.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXX XI.

A New Love-Song.

Take heed bold Lober, do not look
Upon my Cloris eyes,
For every dart is tipt with death,
That from her glances flies.

For do not think to save thy self
From dangers or from harms;
By any vertues from her smiles,
Or with her secret charms.

Love hath commanded her to cure
None other heart but mine,
There is no hope that she can be
So merciful to thine.

For though her Eyes be murderers
She has reserved for me
A Balsam in her Coral Lips
Gives perpetuity.

SONG.

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXXII

A Song on going by Water.

Will you go by water Sir,
I am the Sculler,
Go with my faye up West-ward Sir,
My boat shall be no fuller:
Nert Dars Sir, nert Dars,
Whither is it you go,
To Fox-Hall or Westminster,
Or through Bridge Ho?
Pray Master trim the Boat,
And sit a little higher,
Sir you have a handsome Woman by ye,
Methinks you may sit nigher:
Come Boy lay the Stretcher,
And sit down to the Dar,
You Sir, will you change
A Rogue for a Whore?
You Sculler look befoze you
With a Por to you, hold Water:
Look, look, the Rogue runs foul on us,
Remember this hereafter.
Come Land us here at Kings-Bridge,
I Sir, if you are willing,
Here Water-man here's Sir-pence,
Good faith 'tis worth a Shilling.

SONG

The Loyal Garland.

SONG. LXXXIII.

The merry Bells of Oxford.

On the merry Christ-Church Bells,
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six;
They trowl so wondrous deep,
So woundy sweet,
And they Chime so merrily, merrily,
Hark the First and Second Bell,
At e'ry day by Four and Ten,
Crys, come, come, come, come, come, to
Prayers,
And the Wergers troop before the Deans,
Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle, goes the little Bell,
To call in e'ry Soul;
But the devil a man,
Will leave his Can,
Till they hear the mighty Towl.

E I N I S

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